The Good Riddance Party (Not)

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The Good Riddance Party (Not)

by orphan_account

Summary

Exactly what the title says.

I'm migrating all my crack fics into a collection, so you may have read this already.

Jack's office looked like it was decked out for a New Year's party. On his desk sat a large photograph of Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham with their tongues stuck out at the camera, hands coming together to form a heart. "From Cuba, with love," explained the chicken-scratch inscription at the bottom of the picture. Will's handwriting, no doubt. The picture frame bearing this unfortunate load for the night was hung with pieces of shredded case files and previously-classifed Ripper evidence, like a Christmas tree.

"Come on, Alana," Bev coaxed, pointing her beer at her as Alana buried her face into Margot's shoulder. "Nothing to be ashamed of. Chilton went through it too, except, ya know, the other way around."

Alana, still red-faced with embarrassment, cleared her throat. "So Hannibal escaped... probably twice every week when he was supposed to be locked up at the BSHCI."

"No shit," said Chilton, as he raised his glass in a toast. (Not actual toast, mind you -- that would have to be Chilton himself. That man had a crunch to rival all of Frito Lay's' culinary disasters, and was burnt enough to resemble something from Will's kitchen). "The first time he snuck in with a tape recorder to play Will recordings of his dogs' barks. And he accused ME of psychological torture! Then he painted -- I kid you not -- a complete ceiling mural of the Louisiana bayous that he said were 'in the style of the frescoes of Michelangelo'. Will tried punching him in the face both times... I'm almost afraid of saying this out loud, but I have no idea why he even bothered. OH -- and the prick even left me a note saying that he was surprised, given how nosy I am, that I didn't know how bad I smelled. But of course, the job..."

"I didn't know we were keeping count, Frederick. But I mean, not all of it was bad. He was much more entertaining when incarcerated than when he wasn't. There was that time he busted out of his cell, pranced into my office, and told me he was going to some French restaurant that just opened up. Asked me if I wanted to go on a 'girls' night out'. When I said no he promised to be back by 1 AM unless he got, and I quote, 'canine-shit-faced'. When he actually DID get wasted he cried about Will and how he had to hide under Will's porch for hours after Will rejected him."

"That, uh, *fucker*, for lack of a better word, couldn't even get wasted without making it completely Will-related?" Though she wouldn't have admitted it for all the world, Margot was actually kind of moony-eyed, the way people get when watching rom-coms. "I mean, I DID see that he posted some smutty illustrated fanfictions about himself and Will Graham on this site called AO3."

"Margot, how do *you* know that?" Margot calmly squeezed Alana's hand. "Don't worry, hon, we don't have to be as kinky as they are." If it wasn't for Preller (*Preller: a North American parasitic organism that appears to occupy two bodies. Frequently causes death by means of the sounds it emits. The eyes of victims tend to be found rolled into the backs of their heads)* giggling like a preadolescent teenager, the room would have been silent.

"Well, we now know that he wasn't actually going to restaurants," Jack piped in, slapping a folder of evidence onto the table. He took out a picture of a house that bore an eerie

resemblance to Will's home in Wolf Trap. "The first floor looked exactly like the first floor of Will's place. Even got seven stuffed dogs."

Turning to another photograph, he continued: "Even filled a whole goddamn binder of stuff Will said to him. It all sounded like shit Will would say, excepting the murder part, so the man probably memorized every line our guy ever said to him. Place is a fucking *shrine.* Need I even mention the life-size cardboard cutouts of Will he kept in every room?"

"I know." Freddie Lounds, camera in hand, stepped into the room. Jack seethed. "It also appears as if Hannibal the Cannibal's become a master at making fishing lures." She chose to interpret the annoyed glares of the BAU and BSHCI staff as awe. No surprise there. "You're welcome," she added, taking a swooping bow bigger than the ridiculous orange one that sat on her head. "Though once I get better zooming devices for my cameras, you'll thank me even more -- I'm sure those two are making high-quality pornos somewhere that are just missing a filming team."

"HURRAY!" exclaimed Preller, until Jack elbowed it, hard. "Ouchies."

"Preller is correct, let us not forget the real reason why I gathered you all here today."

"Yeah, cheers, let's all get cat-shit-faced to ward off the dog-people!" Bev cheered. Margot and Alana exchanged glances. *Applesauce,* they thought.

"No... as I was saying... " At this point, trying to continue speaking was futile for Jack. He was almost relieved when Bev cut him off again.

"So guys, we finally got two birds with one stone. On one hand, Lecter's gonna stop escaping, even though we all know Alana learned to give zero fucks about that after..."

"The time he came back, 'canine-shit-faced', and offered me an obviously-made-of-people beer in exchange for leaving comments and crap called 'kudos' on his fanfiction? Oh wait, no, it was the time he asked me to come have a sleepover in his cell to 'bitch about his boyfriend'. Yeah, that." Margot petted Alana's hair, looking as somber as if she herself was subject to the torture.

"Anyhow, Lecter's gone, the stuffed dogs in his Will shrine have been donated to charity, and Will's stopped nagging all of us to talk about Lecter at every possible opportunity. So we're rid of TWO stupid lovesick fuckers at the SAME TIME! WOOT WOOT! I SAY PARTY, EVERYONE!"

Jack sighed, and gestured vaguely towards Beverly. "Yeah... that. So... to everyone getting a vacation for once, and to the Cuban police!"

"To... zeee... Cubist Please!" exclaimed Preller.

"Shit, Lecter's rubbed off on us all, hasn't he?" Bev extended a sympathetic hand. "Oh wait, I'm sorry, I mean he's rubbing one off on Will."

Just as Jack was about to drop-kick her out the window, Freddie's phone dinged. She let out a gasp, eyes widened, and gestured for everyone to gather around her.

"WHAT. NOW." Jack needed alcohol as soon as Lecterly possible. He revised that plan to pray for death, instead, when Freddie held up her phone for all to see.

"They're getting married. I'll cover the ceremony!" Just as Jack began sobbing like a Will deprived of dogs, Chilton gripped onto Freddie's arm. "Yes, for everyone's sake, gorgeous, cover it! Cover -- ALL OF IT!"

Freddie gave him a coy smile. "You delectable roast --"

Jack, shoulders shaking and quickly losing all his bodily fluids through his tears, slumped to the floor, and everyone else save for Fredrica and Frederick (a match made in hell, holy shit) ran out of the room, because NO ONE wanted to deal with THAT shit.

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